

**Ther** begynneth a lyttell treatyse  
cleped La conusaunce das  
mours.



**¶ The prologue of the  
author.**

**I**n tyme of May/whan floza the fre<sup>the</sup> quene  
Throughe arte and crafte/of swete zephyrus  
Depeynted hath/feldes and medowes grene  
With sondry colours/very delicious  
White/redde/and crymoylyn amorous  
Gauny/youlowe/violet/and blewe  
With ryght many a nother dyuers betwe

Forth gone the virgyns euerychone  
Replet with ioye/and eke felicityte  
To gether floures. And some vnto one  
Haue moze fantasie/whan they it se  
Than to all that in the medowes be  
A nother shall in contrary wyse  
Gether other after theyr deuise.

So done clerkes/of great grauite  
Chose maters/wheron they lyst to wyte  
But I that am of small capacite  
Toke on me this treatyse to endyte  
Tauoyde ydelnesse/moze than for delyte  
And most parte therof/tolde was to me  
As here after/ye may rede and se.

**¶ Thus endeth the prologue.**



**T**he thyꝛde idus/ in the moneth of July  
Phabus his beames/ lustrynge euery way  
Gladdynge the hartes/ of all our Hemyshery  
And mouynge many/ vnto spoꝛte and playe  
So dyd it me/ the treuthe foꝛ to saye  
To walke foꝛth/ I had great inclination  
Per chaunce some where/ to fynde recreation

And as I walked/ euer I dyd beholde  
Goodly yonge people/ that them encouraged  
In suche maner wyse/ as though they wolde  
Ryght gladly haue songe oꝛ daunced  
Oꝛ els some other goꝛgiours thyng deuyfed  
Whose demeanynge/ made me ryght ioyous  
Foꝛ to beholde/ theyꝛ dedes amozous.

To wyte all thynges of plesure/ that I se  
In euery place/ where I passed by  
In all a day recunted it can nat be  
Who coude discryue the freshe beauty  
Of dames and pulers/ attyzed goꝛgioufly  
So swete of loke/ so amiable of face  
Smilyng doulcely / on suche as stande in grace

Certaynly theyꝛ bouite/ and curtesy  
Ofte moueth me/ foꝛ to do my payne  
Some thynges to wyte/ them to magnifye  
Aboue the sterres. But ay I may complayne  
Ignoraunce/ gouerneth so my brayne  
That I ne dare/ foꝛ nothyng presume  
Out of my mouth/ to blowe suche a fume

It is a labour/ great and hyedous  
Requyrynge study/ and moche experience  
For my sholders/ it is to ponderous  
Whiche ampruate/ of suche condigne science  
It is for a man/ of hygh eloquence  
And worthynes/ fame and memozie  
So noble a thyng/ to laude and magnifie.

But nowe to purpose/ where I began  
Walkyng abrode/ wandryng to and fro  
Beynge alone/ with me was no man  
Sodaynly / came in my mynde to go  
Se. A faire pusell/ and two or thre mo  
Of her companions. This was myn entent  
And by and by / forth thetherwarde I went.

Whan I came there/ I founde at the doze  
A damynusell/ standyng all alone  
Who I dyd salute/ and ferthermoze  
Of her demaunded I/ curtesly anone  
Gentyll mayde where is your companion?  
Sy? she sayd (her hart on a mery pyn)  
Ye be welcome. she is nat nowe within

But by her faire/ and swete countenance  
I perceyued lyghtly / what she ment  
Dame daunger moued her to that daliaunce  
But Desyre bad me go. and in I went  
And sodaynly / by the hand me hent  
This most curtes mayde/ who I went to se  
Sapenge welcome/ most derely vnto me.



And by the hande/ than as she me had  
In we went/ talkynge ioyously  
Into a goodly parlet/ she me lad  
And caused me to sytte/ curtesly  
Than unto vs/ came shortly by and by  
Another/ that me sweetly dyd welcome  
Byngyng freshe floures/ and gaue me some.

Than we began/ to talke and deuyse  
Of one and other/ of olde acqneyntaunce  
For comonly/ of maydens is the gyse  
Sometyme to demaunde for pastaunce  
If that a man be in loues daunce  
Or stande in grace/ of any dammusell  
Under suche maner/ in talkynge we fell

We spake of loue/ yet none of vs all  
Knoweth perfectly/ what loue shulde be  
The one assy2med/ people veneriall  
Followinge the course/ of their natiuite  
Endure great sorowe/ and moche aduersite  
And many suffre/ suche payne and turment  
That as mad folke/ them selfe all to rent

Thus sayd one/ and by helde it styffely  
That loue was of suche maner nature  
That it myght rather be called a mad fury  
Than any maner thyng of pleasure  
To whiche wordes/ thother mayden demure  
Replied. Prayeng vs/ to gyue her licence  
In this maner/ to shewe forth her sentence

Gladly (we sayd) (thereto we assent  
In this to here / your opinion  
Forsoth (sayd she) ye shall nat be my content  
All though therin / I make obiection  
Wher as now we / ye haue made conclusion  
Sayeng loue was a fury or a madnesse  
Without all graunte / measure / or sadnesse

Nay surely / your reason is defectue  
For this ye knowe very perfectly  
That they that loue / and hate for to stryue  
Lye a thousande tymes moze quietly  
Than they / that hate eche other mortally  
For where as is no loue / nor tranquillite  
There is myschef / langour / and all aduersite.

Loue is the very true manocorde  
That euery wyght shulde harpe vpon  
Louyng well eche other by very concoorde  
To this reason / byndeth vs euerychone  
And this maner loue / is nat in vs alone  
For bestes that haue / sence and vnderstandyng  
By companies go / to gether right louyng

Whiche doyng I repute very perfect loue  
Whan by no crafte / nor male engyn  
From their amite / wyll nat remoue  
The one to socour other shall neuer blyn  
Who can depart true louyng folkes atwyn  
Father / children / and frendes of aliaunce /  
And good neyghbours helpe other i eche chaunce.



This maner frendshyp/bery loue I call  
Other than this/or lyke no man can fynde  
Abide (sayd the other) I thynke ye shall  
Here my reason/contrary to your mynde  
I trowe none hence to the lande of Inde  
Can be founde. Whiche hath nat tasted  
Other loue/than ye haue nowe reherced

Harde you neuer tell/of yonge Pyzanius/  
And his swete loue/called fayre Thysby:  
In all Babylon/the moost swete and gracious  
Bothe chynnyng/full of freshe beauty  
Dwellynge also/togyder very nye  
Wherby the moze/as I haue herde tell  
Fro day to day/in feruent loue they fell

They wold both/ryght fayne haue be spoused  
After suche lawe/as in that tyme they vse  
But by theyr parentes/they were alway letted  
Who of theyr myschief/ I may well accuse  
Neuer wolde one/the other of them refuse  
The strayter they were kept/and inclosed  
The moze feruently/in loue they burned

And whan they coude nat to gyther speke  
They made signes/tokyn and lokynge  
By suche meanes/theyr mynd; wolde they breke  
That one of other had perfect vnderstandynge  
Nowe it happed/as loue is euer sekynge  
To fynde remedye/what therof befall  
So at last they founde/a chenke in a wall

At whiche place / oft these louers two  
Mette and talked / of their wo and payne  
Many tymes / theder wolde they go  
And on the wall / piteously complayne  
That he stode / betwene them louers twayne  
Nat openyng to them so moche space  
To come to gether / eche other to embrace

These and like wordes / ofte wolde they say  
O enuious wall certes thou doest amysse  
If thou wylt nat suffre / that we may  
Joyne our bodies / suffre vs to kysse  
Agaynst the / we neuer dyd amysse  
Wherfore be nat thou / to vs vnkynde  
Opyn thy selfe / and obey to our mynde.

And whan they shulde part eche other fro  
They toke leaue / and that ryght curtesly  
yet alway / befoze oꝝ they wolde go  
On eche syde / they kyst the wall swetely  
Syghyng a lytell / very amozously  
So wolde they stande / all many a longe nyght  
Tyll Aurora / exild them with her lyght

And whan Phob<sup>9</sup> gan / his beemes downe spred  
Dyng by the dewes / in the medowes grene  
Than wolde they stele priuely to bed  
That they shulde / of no persone be sene  
Where most of all / they sozowe sharpe and kene  
At the hart / gan to prycke a pace  
That they ne coude / rest in any place.



Nowe languyshe they / with syghes profoude  
Nowe sorowe they / nowe they turne and wynde  
Nowe freshely bledeth / their incurable wounde  
Nowe cast they / right busely in mynde  
Howe they may / some crafte and maner fynde  
They kepers to deceyue / by some wyle  
And to stele out / in the nyght by gyle.

After they had / fixed they myndes heron  
They agreed / at they metyng place  
That they wolde / into the felde gon  
The next nyght / and mete at a certayn place  
And which of them two / were first per case  
Theder come / shulde no farther go  
Tyll the other / were ycome also.

Their metyng place / I vnderstande shulde be  
At the supalchre / or tombe of kyng Anus  
(Kyng of Afficiens) vnder a goodly hye tre  
Bearing white aples / the tre cleped Mozus  
Growyng fast by / a fountayne delicious  
In the sayd place / couenaunted to mete  
Ponge Pyram / and gracious Thylby swete.

Whan the longe day / was gone and past  
And nyght come / euery thyng at rest  
The tendre mayde / hyed her ryght fast  
To the doze she goth / redely and prest  
And put therto / her doulce and softe brest  
Openyng it so / for feare lest it shulde crake  
And therewith / some of her keepers wake,  
Iaco. b

So out at the doze / gote pzeuely is she  
And thzough the towne / alone is went  
Into the fylde / towarde the foresayd tre  
O wete Thysbe / howe true was your entent  
Howe curtesly your hart dyd assent  
For the loue of gentyll Pyramus  
To enterpryse / a thynge so perillous .

Myghty loues power / here may we beholde  
Proved on this goodly damosell  
What but loue coude make her so bolder  
She feared nat / the sauage beestes fell  
Wherto shulde I any longer dwell  
Upon her way she went styll apace  
Castyng euer / towarde the appointed place.

One myght demaunde / who was her gyde  
Bycause it was in the quyet nyght  
I answere none / but the hygh lorde Cupide  
Whose souerayne pypsaunce / and great myght  
Turneth obscure darkenesse / vnto lyght  
He leadeth folkes / that way as he wyll  
In great perilles / redy for to spyll.

So this lorde / of his myght and grace  
Conduced Thysbe / in the wylde felde  
Tyll she came vnto the foresayd place  
Where she late downe / vnder Noxus selde  
And as she late / a ferre of she behelde  
Towarde the wode / by lyght of the mone  
A lyonesse / whiche towarde her dyd come.



This lyones/in the wode had slayne  
A beest befoze/and deuoured hym also  
And came to dzyinke/at the sayd fountayne  
Where Thysbe sate alone, with her no mo  
For feare wherof/lyghtly she to go  
Into a denne/that was there besyde  
Swete Thysbe ran/her for to hyde.

(In moche perill/and great icopardye  
Thysbe was brought/by this sodayne fraye  
For in that denne/wylde beestes bled to lye)  
For hast she fell/her kerchefe by the way  
Whiche the lyones(as I haue harde say)  
Founde. And in her bloody mouth toke  
Rent/toze/and out agayne it shoke.

Than forthwith she ran into the wode  
And as soone as euer she was gone  
Pyram came/and founde the cloth all blode  
His hart gan to be/as colde as any stone  
Sayeng these wordes/with most pitous mone  
O nyght thou locest/and art destruction  
Of two yonge louers of Babylon.

Of whiche two/she that most worthy was  
For to haue lyued/is deed fyrst of all  
I am the cause/swete Thysbe(het alas)  
That you ben slayne/of this beest truculentall  
If I had come fyrst/than had it nat befall  
O wretche that I am/to suffre swete Thysbe  
To come alone/and here for to dye.

la co.

b.ii.

O ye moost cruell / and rabbyſſhe lions fell  
Come nowe and teare / the corps of Pyramus  
ye ſauage beaſtes / that in theſe rockes dwell  
If blode to you be ſo delicious  
Come and gnawe / my wretched body dolorous  
And on the kerchief / with face pale and tryſt  
He looked ofte / and it right ſwetely kyſt.

With deedly ſygheſ / hiſ ſwerde out he drew  
Under the vnbze / of the forſayd tre  
Wherwith ſhortly / hym owne ſelfe he ſlew  
Sayeng / take drynke nowe the blode of me  
With whiche ſtroke / the blode ( as it had be  
Water ſpoutynge / out of a condite heed)  
Spouted vp / whan he fell downe deed.

And with the blode / in ſuche wyſe ſprynklynge  
The frute of the tre / whiche that befoze  
Was white. Turned as blacke as any thyng  
And the blode / that ſanke to the moze  
Depeinted it / a fayze purple coloze  
Whiche vnto this day / ſo remayne  
But nowe to Thyſby / turne I wyl agayne.

All though her feare were neuer the laſt  
yet by cauſe ſhe wolde nat breke promeſſe  
She came ſoftly / towarde thappoynted place  
Bothe mynde and eye / lokynge without ceſſe  
For yonge Pyram / the floure of gentylneſſe  
She looked euer / her ſwete hart to ſe  
Tyll ſhe approached / and came vnder the tre.



Whan she behelde / the transfozmacion  
Of the tre. She was right soze abasthed  
And bycause it was in suche condicion  
She thought it was nat / the place appoynted  
But at last / as she moze neter loked  
She sawe a corps / vpon the grounde lye  
Newly slayne / tremblyng and all bloody.

Wherwith she gan / to be as pale as leed  
And stepped backe / a lyttell sodaynly  
Incontinent she perceyued the corps deed  
Was her owne swete hart / the noble Pyzamp  
O howe she gan moost piteously to crye  
Her handes strayne / and her fyngers wyng  
Entragiouly / her armes out castyng.

She rent and toze / her goodly yowlowe heare  
And toke the corps / in her armes twayne  
Desperouly / wepyng many a teare  
Amonge the blode / of her louer slayne  
Her bytter teares / lay as thicke as rayne  
And ofte she kyssed / his deedly colde visage  
Styll cryeng / as though she wolde enrage.

O swete Pyzam / who hath taken you me fro :  
O curtesse Pyzam / speke now unto me  
I am thyn owne Thysby / full of wo  
Here thy dere loue / that speketh vnto the  
Lyfte ones vp thyn eyes Pyzam me to se  
And as she lay / this tomblyng on the grounde  
At longe her kerchefe / in the blode she founde  
la co. b.iii.

Than she knewe/howe he deceyued was  
By the kercheffe/and the lyonelle  
Agayne she cryed/o Pyram he! alas  
For my loue/doure of gentylnesse  
Haue slayne your selfe/in painfull distresse  
O swete Pyram/syth it is for my sake  
Of my doloious lyfe/suche ende shall I make.

Of ioye with you/parttaker haue I be  
What tyme ye lyued/most curtes Pyramus  
Shulde deth than departe you and me?  
With you to dye/I am ryght desyrous  
O parent; parent;/of our deth rcous  
To you our bodyes/I bequeth and take  
To bury togyther/for neuer we shall forsake.

O miserable tre! with thy bowes longe  
Coueryng nowe/lyeng deed on the grounde  
The noble Pyram/that whilom was so strouge  
Thou shalt anone/of suche another wounde  
Couer my corps. And in a littell stounde  
She pulled the swerde out of Pyram  
And therewith slewe her selfe pyteously.

Chautoz.

Than the damosell/that the stozie tolde  
Sygghed softe/and looked me vpon  
Wherwith y teares/downe on her chekes rolde  
She had of theyr deth/so great compassion  
That she was stryken in cogitacion  
And stode a whyle/as one had ben dismayde  
And these wordes/after to vs she sayd



**The damosell.**

O curtes Pryam/and swete Thyſbe alſo  
Herde was your fortune and deſtanye  
your pitous deth/maketh myn hert we  
pet me thynke/ Ife your bodies lye  
The tre and fountayne/ryght ſozowfully  
Unto this day/wepe and complayne  
The lamentable deth/of you louers twayne.

Here was true loue/who can it deny  
Here were the burnyng ſparcles of Cuppe  
Here were two hertes/cloſed in one truly  
Here were two louers/nat ſwaruyng aſyde  
O curſed lyoneſſe/wo mote the betyde  
Thou were the cauſe/that theſe louers twayne  
Were ſo ſoone/thus miſerably ſlayne.

O ye parentes/of theſe louers two  
Why ſuffred you them/ſo ſoz to ſpyll  
ye cauſed them/thether ſoz to go  
Wherof ſucceded/all their myſchicfe and yll  
ye myght haue had your goodly children ſpyll  
If ye had done/as reaſon doth require  
To marry them/after theyr deſyre.

Theſe gentyls dyd/as chriſtens nowe a day  
Moſt comonly/ble ſoz to do  
Whiche no doubt is/a moche curſed way  
And cauſer of many yuels alſo  
They marry/without conſent of the two  
Whiche marriage is nat worth an hawe  
Damnable/and eke ayenſt the lawe.

For to receyue this hygh sacrament  
Is requir'd moche solemnite  
But one moost speciall/that is fre assent  
Of both persones/of hye and lowe degre  
Without whiche/mariage can nat be  
Perfectly allowed/before the glorious face  
Of the hygh god/in the celestiall place.

Whan two married/ayenst their myndes be  
What is the very true consequens?  
Contynuall disorde/moost comenly we se  
Braalyng/chidyng/and other inconuenience  
And another / moost poysonfull pestilence  
For therof right ofte/aduoutry doth succede  
Murdre / and many a myscheuous dede.

We se oft tymes / whan two to gether come  
By great loue/and longe continuance  
Yet of fuche/there haue ben founde some  
Whiche dayly haue ben at distaunce  
To them selfe/and other great noyaunce  
And coude by no meanes/cogryther agre  
And by deuorse/depacted haue they be.

Than moche sooner / fuche as by compulsion  
Ben spoused/agaynst theyr owne fre wyll  
Shulde nat do well. But to make relacion  
Particlerly/of all and euery yll  
That claudestinat mariage doth fulfyll  
I shulde than/to longe tary you twayne  
Where I was/turne I shall agayne



3  
Before this tyme/ you bothe haue harde tell  
Of the troian knyght/ called Troilus  
And of Creseide/ the goodly damosell  
On whom he was so depely amorous  
For whom he was/ so heuy and dolorous  
That had nat ben Pandare/ his trusty frende  
Of his lyfe/ he had lyghtly made an ende.

For one syght he had/ of that fresshe may  
As he walked within the temple wyde  
He lokyd as his hart/ had ben pulde away  
And coude nat moche longer there abyde  
The fyrie dart/ of the hygh lozde Cupyde  
Had made in hym/ so great and large a wounde  
That lytell lacked/ he fell nat to the grounde.

There was none so expert physician  
That coude cure oz helpe his maladye  
To serche the wounde/ myght no surgian  
It was impossible/ to come therby  
None coude cure/ saue the faire lady  
Creseide. On whom he lokyd oft  
Syghyng depe/ and gromyng lowe and softe.

What shulde I herof/ longer processe make  
Theyr great loue is wyrtten all at longe  
And howe he dyed onely for her sake  
Our ornat Chaucer/ other bokes amonge  
In his lyfe dayes/ dyd vnderfonge  
To translate: and that most pleasantly  
Touchyng the mater/ of the sayd story.

Of Cannace/somwhat wyll I tell  
And of her brother/cleped Achareus  
Howe Aeolous/her father ryght cruell  
Hade her dye a deth full pitous  
But first she wrote/a pistoll dolorous  
To her brother/of her wofull chaunce  
These were her wordes to my remembraunce.

Cannace doughter / of Aeolous the kynge  
Greteth Achare/her owne brother dere  
In owne hande/a naked swerde holdynge  
With the other wrytyng/as doth appere  
In this epistoll that she sendeth here  
Howe by naught els saue deth she can fynde  
To content her fathers cruell mynde.

O my father most innaturall  
This swerde to me his daughter hath he sende  
With whiche swerde/shortly anone I shall  
Of my lyfe and sorowe make an ende  
To other pite/he wyll nat condescende  
Wherfoze his fierce mynde to content  
To slee my selfe I must nedes assent.

Thautoz.

Then spake I/and wolde suffre her no more  
Of this wofull mater/fozther foze to tell  
Suche lamentable louers/greuech my hart soze  
And also we coude nat moche longer dwell  
Ryght glad was I/that it so happy fell  
To here the hole of wofull Pyramus  
Of her tolde/with gesture dolorous.



She wolde haue tolde/ of many other mo  
The great loue/ and fatall destenye  
Howe Phillis desolate/ ofte alone wolde go  
By hylles and dales/ moynnyng tenderly  
For Demophon/ and howe she dyd dye  
But styll I prayed her to kepe silence  
And leaue of her tragicall sentence.

A man that sweteth/ and is very hote  
Brought to the fyre/ is nat well content  
What I meane/ euey man doth wote  
yet for this/ I wolde nothyng assent  
That she had declared/ appert and euydent  
To our fyrst purpose/ what loue shulde be  
And wherupon/ we gan to argue all thre.

The fyrst damosell/ proued loue by reason  
The other spake all by auctozite  
Declarng olde stozies/ of antique season  
But to neyther of them wolde I agre  
Without experience/ proued can nat be  
What is the myghty power of Cuppyde  
Whiche regneth throughe the great worlde wyde

Experience (sayd they) we desyre to here  
What therby to proue/ you entende  
Than looked I on them/ with sad chere  
Castyng howe for to make an ende  
Of our argument/ and nat offende  
Noth of them/ throughe my negligence  
For one of them/ was myn experience.

Forsoth( I sayd) I nat howe it may be  
But oncs I behelde/ with great affection  
A fayre pulcell/ whiche happed yll for me  
For neuer syth/ by no compulsion  
I coude nat put her in obliuion  
Nor my mynde pulle from her away  
Nor neuer shall/ to myn endyng day.

With her regarde/ and swete countenaunce  
She gaue me a great mortall wounde  
Throug whiche Deth/ Dayly doth auauunce  
Towarde me / onely to confounde  
My wretched corps: whiche in the grounde  
Must of foule wormes be eate and gnawe  
So condemned/ by cruell loues lawe,

This lord Cupide/ lyst of his cruelte  
Without reason/ my body to turment  
To mount an hylle/ he constrayneth me  
With his arowes/ sharpe and violent  
And me burnyng/ with his bande ardent  
yet vp the hylle/ no way can be sought  
To geat alone: so lowe am I brought.

O Hyppomenes/ howe happy thou were:  
What tyme thou wast so moche amorous  
On Atalanta/ that curtes damosell dere  
For whose loue/ ne had nat ben Venus  
Thou shuldest haue dyed a deth ryght greuous  
But by .iii. balles (that she the gaue) of golde  
Thou gotest thy loue of truthe/ as it is tolde



Clasliche locout/no where fynde I may  
That me wyll helpe in myn heuy nesse  
And moze encrease my sorowe day by day  
Cruell thought on me doth neuer cesse  
With feare and drede/ my body to manesse  
And with Dispeare/ I haue so great stryfe  
That gladly I wolde be rest of my lyfe

And than call I vnto the sisters thre  
To come out of their furious selle  
And from my payne to deliuer me  
I care nat/ though I with them shulde dwell  
O rauenyng wolues/hungry/ferse/and felle  
My body gnawe/ and to peces rent  
To be losed / of my great tument.

O Pole wheron the great worlde rounde  
Turneth about/by cours naturall  
If a place may/vnder the be founde  
I wolde gladly/therin that I shulde fall  
O ye dogges/whiche to peces small  
Care Accoon/for Diana sake  
I pray you of me an end to make.

O crows/rauons/and foules euerychone  
What tyme my lyfe ended thus shalbe  
Come than and take eche of you abone  
And do beare them into what countre  
Pleaseth you/for all is one to me  
So I be out of this greuous payne  
For any longer/ I can it nat sustayne.

Wherwith dame Reason cometh vnto me  
Verry swetely lokyng in my face  
With whom cometh other two or thre  
Good Esperaunce / and the lady Grace  
And reason begynneth for to chace  
The lordens away / whiche befoze  
Turmented my wretched body soze

Fyrst Reason to Disperaunce doth speke  
Hym banysshyng out of our company  
On hym she wolde gladly her angre wreke  
But lady pacience standyng by  
Sayeth to her very curtesly  
ye must swetely shewe your selfe vntyll  
This pacient here redy for to spyll.

Then by the hande Reason doth me take  
Sayeng / what though the gentyle Hypsiphyle  
Dstroyed her selfe for prue Jasons sake  
That ayenst his promes / dyd her begyle  
Leape nat thou / tyll thou come to the stile  
For thou hast here now befoze thy face  
( Whiche she lacked ) the goodly lady Grace.  
Reason.

Thou knowest after our hygh religton  
Who that flee them selfe wylfully  
By iuste sentence / of lastyng damnacion  
Of helle. Be in great ieopardye  
Wherfoze I aduise the / loke thereon wysely  
Take nat example of Dido and Myra.  
Nor yet of Phillis / Scylla and Phedra.



**I** say to the as I sayd before  
They lacked Grace/ye and me also  
Whiche thou hast/and shalt haue euer moze  
In case that thou gladly woldest do  
As we shall shewe the or that we go  
Principally beware of Dispayre  
In nowyse abyde that lower ayre.

**A**nother/thou shalt kepe moderacion  
In all thynges/that thou gost about  
Both in gladnesse/and lamentacion  
Beware of thought/ the villayn bolde and stout  
Of heynesse/with theyr cruell route  
Feare/drede/discomfort/and mystrust  
Incline the neuer after their peruers lust.

**W**hat folvy is it for a womans sake  
Nat knowyng your cozage nor entent  
Suche lamentacion/and sorowe for to make  
Peraventure her swete hart wolde assent  
In all honour be at your comaundement  
Wherfore fyrst/ye shulde by my counsell  
Knowe the pleasure of the damosell.

**Chautoz.**

**T**o whiche counsell/accozden an agre  
Desyre/and the curtes espyraunce  
They two promelle/for to go with me  
Dame fauour sayth she wyll so auauunce  
With the helpe of prudent Gouvernaunce  
To solcite my mater in best wyse  
And dame Discrecion shall it deuyse.

The good holsome lady Remen:braunce  
Sayth recoorde/ was nat worthe Theseus  
The hre conquerour/ delyuered fro myschaunce  
By socour of two ladies gracious  
For hym they were/ so moche pitous  
That they put them selfe/ in daunger of moche yll  
Hym for to saue/ that he shulde nat spyll.

For he had ben put to the Minotaurus  
Without proude/ of these ladies wayne  
Within the mase/ made by Dedalus  
All though he had/ the hidous monstre slayne  
yet coude he neuer come out therof agayne  
But by the ladies subtile inuencion  
He slewe the beest/ and came out anone.

Thou hast redde/ ryght many an histoꝝ  
Of ladies and damocles great bounte  
And howe soone they ben inclyned to mercy  
As was the curtes lady/ Hypermetre  
For nothyng perswaded wolde she be  
For all her fater myght do or say  
She conueyed her loue and loꝝde away.

And bycause this lady wolde nat do  
Scelerously/ as dyd her systers all  
Afterwarde she suffred moche wo  
But no punysshement/ to her myght fall  
That she ne thought the peyne very small  
Suche ioye she had/ of her spouse delyueraunce  
That all her payne/ to her was no greuaunce



Thus tender pite/ in the hart feminall  
Konneth alway/ vnto mannes Defence  
They gentyll hertes/ swete and liberall  
Velyghly turned/ with great diligence  
To mannes socour/ and beneuolence  
They speke/ they praye/ they labour and they go  
Ryght tenderly/ mannes profite for to do.

Chautoz.

So these ladies/ Debated with me styll  
In whose company I was ryght ioyous  
And at last/ they sayd me all vntyll  
Be mery and glad thou louer doloious  
For thy loue is so moche gracious  
That we thynke vnto thy desyre  
She wyl obey/ as thou wylt requyre.

Chautoz.

Than call I/ vnto my remembraunce  
The great promesses/ that Paris of Troye  
Made to Heleyn/ yet scant it was his chaunce  
Her loue to gette/ or her to enioye  
All that he sayd was of perfect foye  
He was a prince/ and a kynges son also  
yet longe it was/ or she wolde with hym go.

Whan I mynde Echates/ y woman beautilous  
All my sorowe begynneth to renewe  
She and the fayre yonge man/ called Hyrus  
Betoken howe my loue shall neuer rewe  
Nor pite me. yet as Acontius bnttrue  
To her wyl I vse neyther fraude ne wyle  
Lyke as he dyd Cydippes begyle.

la co.

D

Thus thought and feare/all the longe day  
Turment me/tyll Phebus the hemysperry  
Hath fully ronne/so that we may  
Perceyue the blacke nyght apzochyng nye  
To bedde I go/last he and eke wery  
In hope some repose for to take  
And by that meane/my payne for to slake.

Sone after/that I ani downe layde  
Morpheus/softely cometh to me  
Who at the fyrst/maketh me afrayde  
Tyll I knowe/what man he shulde be  
He leadeth me where as I may se  
My swete loue/bnto whom I wolde  
Desyrouslly/tyght oft my mynde haue tolde.

And whan I haue ben about to speke  
Cruell drede/hath stepped me befoze  
He and feare/alway my purpose brycke  
yet her swete visage sheweth euermoze  
That of dame Pite/she knoweth well the loze  
It can nat be/that her great beauty  
Shulde be boyde/and without mercy.

Thus I stande debatng a longe space  
Than Morpheus/bryngeth me agayne  
And whan I fynde me in the same place  
Where I lay downe/with myn handes twayne  
I graspe and fele/I sygh and complayne  
And fynde it colde about me euery where  
And perceyue that she was nat there.



**O** howe thought taketh me by the hert  
And heupnesse/falleth me vpon  
Those two from me wyll neuer departe  
Tyll they make my body as colde as stone  
They say to me/remedy is none  
In this behalfe ferther to purswe  
For on me/my loue shall neuer rewe.

Thought and heupnesse.

Thou mayst here lye/sygh/sozowe and wayte  
And on thy miserable state complayne  
For her beautye/frendes/and apparayle  
Causeth her to haue the in disdayne  
She forceth nat/of thy wo and payne  
She is a freshe yonge swete creature  
Well bequeynted/with the lady pleasure.

So stode the heupns/whan thou were boze  
And such is thy fatall destenye  
To loue one/whiche setteth lytell store  
By the that art oppressed with mysery  
What careth she/though thou for sozowe dye:  
O all thy lyfe/none without a make  
In wyldernesse/wandryng for her sake.

We haue tolde the ofte/and longe agone  
That thy swete loue/freshe and gozgius  
Loketh to stande in grace of such one  
That may stipate/her port sumptuous  
To sayle forth/with fame glorious  
Lackynng nothyng/that dame Volunte  
Wyll demaunde/longyng to Leberte.

la co,

D.ii.

For all thy lord/ who thou seruest so true  
Whiche is the very blynde god Cuppe  
Bearing his signe/ a face pale of hewe  
As any aches/ wherto thou doest abyde  
Upholdyng it/ with syghes large and wyde  
yet we two shall do so moche our payne  
Of Atropos/ shortly thou shalt be clayne.

Chauto.

Thus many a nyght/ ofte I dye away  
Whiche me thynke longer than a yere  
And whan I see the springynge of the day  
yet somwhat gladed is my chere  
For busynesse to me doth appere  
Byddyng me to ryse and come lyghtly  
For he sayth/ vpon all sluggardy.

Than I ryse/ and my clothes take  
As preuely and soft as it may be  
Wherewith diligence begynneth to awake  
Whiche ones vp/ a newe wyl turment me  
And whan I can no other way se  
With them I go/ where they wyl me leade  
For as than/ I can no better reade.

Where euer I go/ thought is neuer behynde  
Nor heynesse/ they be alway present  
To leaue them/ I can no crafte fynde  
For I beyng neuer so diligent  
With busynesse/ bothe mynde and eke entent  
yet those two euer styll apeace  
Come on me/ my body to disease.



These two ofte/handle me so harde  
That I am made lyke vnto a stone  
To bulynesse/ haupng no regarde  
I leaue hym/and forthwith anone  
To some secreete place must I gone  
Alptell whyle/my sorowe to complayne  
From company/ I do my selfe restrayne.

Than I begyn in this maner wyle  
Lo we and lotte/that none shulde here me  
O Venus Venus/is this your cruell gyse?  
Scyll to tument vnto the extremite  
My poze body/whiche as you may se  
Is brought into so great miserie  
That for loue/shortly must I dye.

The burnyng fyre of loue/doth me assaile  
In such wyle/that remedy is none  
To quenche it/no water can auayle  
Nor yet verius of cantacion  
Of Deane/the artes euerychone  
Nor of Medecine nat worth a fyre  
I am condemned/and nedes must I dye.

Of all vnlucky/I most infortunate  
Most sorowfull/most heuy and lamentable  
What is my wretched body/lyfe/and state?  
Nought els/but a thyng miserable  
Replentished with paynes intollerable  
To syghe/to sorowe/and moene tenderly  
And by loue/condemned for to dye.

Of all louers/none can be founde  
Whose case may well compared be  
Unto myn : thzough all the worlde rounde  
Were out sought/ yet shulde ye nat se  
But that they had some felicitye  
But nought haue I/ but all miserie  
And by loue/condemned to dye.

Troylous/of whom men so moche tell  
That he so great a louer was  
Unto hym/the case ryght happy fell  
For in his armes ofte he dyd embrace  
His swete loue/and stode so in her grace  
That nothyng to hym wolde she denye  
But by loue/condemned I am to dye.

Many a nyght with his loue he lay  
And in his armes/swetely can her holde  
Of nothyng to hym sayd she nay  
That he of her/aske or desyre wolde  
His great ioy forsooth can nat be tolde  
He had souerayne blysse/and I miserie  
And by loue condemned for to dye.

What ioy had Paris w<sup>th</sup> Heleyn y<sup>e</sup> fre<sup>st</sup>the quene :  
Dejanira/with fierce Hercules  
Brisis/the lady byght and shene  
With her lord/the hardy Achilles  
And Penelope/ with her spouse Ulixes  
Great gladnesse they had/with som miserie  
I haue no ioy: and am condemned to dye.



Many a nyght/the friscant Leander  
Lay and slept with his loue Herus  
To passe Hellespont/she was his lode stere  
And in all thynges to hym gracious  
O these louers/freshe and amorous  
Ofte passed the tyme to gether ioyously  
But by loue/condemned I am to dye,

Fayre Phillis/and eke Demophon  
Had togyther ryght great felicitye  
So had the lady Sapho with Phaon  
So had Achace/with his syster Canace  
Dido with Aene/what ioy had she?  
Ryght longe hym reteynnyng curtesly  
No ioy haue I/and am condemned to dye.

Myrra that loued her owne father dere  
Wyckedly/by loue abhominable  
Dyd so moche/that they lay both infere  
All a nyght.doyng the dede damnable  
Se howe Cupyde was fauorable  
To her stynkyng loue/and transgression  
And wyl me slee/for loyall affeccion.

Wherby I se/it is predestinate  
Vnto me: most wretched creature  
For to haue this miserable state  
And infinite sorowe to endure  
O bate of all ioy/and eke pleasure  
Full of luctuous syghes and misery  
And bitterly condemned for to dye.

Wherfoze adieu / all worldly banitte  
Adieu trayle pleasure / tollynge lyke a ball  
Adieu byrtell trustes / that in this worlde be  
Adieu I say / Dilceytes great and small  
Adieu slepnesse / styll redy for to fall  
Lastly adieu / swete hert without mercye  
For whose sake / I am condemned to dye.

Thautoz to the two damosels.

Lo nowe you two / haue herde to the ende  
What is loue / by suche experience  
As I haue had. And nowe I you comende  
Vnto god / for I must depart hence  
I thanke you hertely of your pacience  
your curtesy / and eke your louyng chere  
Of gentylnesse / that you haue made me here.

your chere here (they sayd) is but small  
We wolde it were moche better for your sake  
Our ianglynge / that to vs nowe hath fall  
Wolde suffre vs / no chere for to make  
And so they leaue / swetely of me they take  
At the port or gate / and in they go  
And I went strayght to my home also.

Thus endeth la conusaunce damours. Im-  
printed by Rycharde Pynson / printer  
to the kynges noble grace.  
Cum priuilegio.



